JOHN WEBB.

John Webb, the subject of this biographic article is a character about whom it may be said, as was said about Melchizedek, he was without father or mother—so far as any biographical purpose can be served. His Irish brogue and his habit of saying not foolish things and never doing anything very wisely, tended to corroborate what he always averred—that he was of Irish nativity. He had the papers showing that he was an honorably discharged soldier of the Revolution, and as a pensioner received ninety-six dollars a year. How he ever came to Pocahontas is simply conjectural, but from the fact he chose his place of rest near Mount Zion, he must have had some acquaintance with parties that may have been in the army when he was.

This Revolutionary veteran, though he exposed his life for independence, never owned any land and never married. Yet he wanted a home of his own, a place where he could lay his head and feel at home, which was very commendable in him. He received permission of William Moore, son of Pennsylvania John Moore, to use without rent as much land as he might want for a cabin, garden, and "truck patch." He built himself a cozy cabin, and opened up two or three acres, where he produced corn, vegetables, and poultry. On this he subsisted, with the assistance of his pension and such wages as he could earn in harvesting and haying for the farmers on Knapps Creek. This spot was on the place recently owned by Ralph Dilley,

and now in the possession of William Moore.

One of John Webb's favorite places to work in hay-making and harvest was at Isaac Moore's. At this period making hay was a long, tedious industry. One morning quite early as the hands gathered in the meadow when Webb, to use his own expression, came up missing, it was surmised that he had worn off his "wire edge" on the hot sun the day before, and was about to give it up for the time being, and so the hands went to work, Between nine and ten o'clock they heard his jovial brogue in the direction of the apple cellar, and upon looking in that course Webb's head was seen, "red as a beet," peering over the comb of the cellar roof. He inquired in the most impassioned manner whether any one would like to have a "dhrink ave cither." It seems Webb knew where to look for the lost "wire edge," and had indulged his thirst until he was so much exhilerated as to climb the roof with nimble feet and willing hands, and from his lofty perch invite others to share with his jovial comforts that he had been finding for the past hours in "dhrinks ave cither."

This Revolutionary veteran had one of his arms very curiously tattooed between the wrist and elbow with the initials of his name and emblematic characters like anchors and arrows, whose significance was not known. This was done while he was in the army, and several other soldiers were tattooed at the same time. The chemicals used disabled them so much that a regimental order was issued prohibiting the practice. Tattooing seems to have been a fad among soldiers and

sailors. If anything should happen, their personality might be identified and assistance obtained from some guild or fraternity. At least, this was the supposition. He never disclosed to any one what the characters symbolized. The initials of course could speak for themselves. It is commonly believed now that he served with the troops from Augusta County under General Mathews.

In the later years of his life John Webb was very piously inclined and was demonstrative of his religious emotions, and was long remembered as the life of many "good meetings" at old Mount Zion, Frost, and elsewhere. He would frequently have "the jerks," which was such a feature in the revival services so common at the time. As long as he lived he would always have a spasmodic jerk as he repeated the "amen," even when asking a blessing on his meals.

This phenomenon, that characterized the religious services of most of the denominations a hundred years ago in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia; has been attentively considered by mental experts as one of the curiosities of the emotional faculty of the human race. What surprises them in their investigations is to find some of the most pronounced examples of its influence among the Mohammedan Dervishes in the East, and in the West it seems to have been the most striking feature in the Indian Ghost Dances but a few years since. The Dervishes furiously deny the existence of the Holy Ghost as a fiction of Christianity; and American Indians have never so much as heard that there is a Holy Ghost. Max Nordau, a Jewish scientist thinks

he has found the explanation to be a disease of the nervous system that is so highly infectious as to sweep the whole round of humanity at recurring periods.

John Webb remained in his bachelor home until he became disabled by the infirmities of advanced age. Then it was the late Martin Dilley, of revered memory took charge of the old veteran; He built a very comfortable cabin for his use in the yard near his own dwelling, and cared for him until the old soldier "fought his last battle" on the borders of the unseen world. This building is standing yet. His grave is in the Dilley Grave yard, on the line between the Andrew Dilley and John Dilley lands.

WILLIAM BAXTER.

Among the worthy citizens of our county deserving of special mention was William Baxter, near Edray, W. Va. He was born on Little Back Creek, in 1808. He was the eldest son of Colonel John Baxter, whose name appears prominently in the early history of Pocahontas County. His mother was Mrs Mary Moore Baxter, a sister of Joseph Moore of Anthonys Creek. She was a very industrious and careful housekeeper, and diligently trained her children in habits of industry and economy.

At an early age his parents moved to Pocahontas County, and resided a good many years at the Sulphur Spring. Being the eldest son, he worked hard in assisting to support the family, consisting of four sons and three daughters. His sisters were Mrs Jane